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Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis' Picture of Germany's War Plans and Her Atrocities in Belgium and France

Reprinted from MANUFACTURERS RECORD, October 18, 1917

Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, one of America's foremost ministers, pastor of Plymouth Church in Brooklyn, spent July and August in a personal investigation of the battlefields of France and Belgium from which the Germans had been expelled, in order to learn for himself the exact conditions prevailing and to find out whether all of the reports of German atrocities would be confirmed by this personal study. The following pages tell the story.

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HERE SPEAKS A MAN

OTTO H. KAHN, THE GREAT BANKER OF GERMAN BIRTH, TELLS HOW
GERMANY SOLD ITS SOUL TO THE DEVIL

[Otto H. Kahn, head of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. of New York, one of the foremost international banking-houses of the world, is of German descent, and his house has long been intimately identified with German finance. From the beginning of the European war he saw its true meaning, and even then believed that this was our war as well as Europe's. If any confirmation were needed of what Dr. Hillis has said and the reasons therefor as to the downward road to moral degradation which for 25 years Germany has been pursuing, of the fearful atrocities committed, of its plans for world domination, and of the fact that from the very beginning our own safety demanded that we stand by the side of the Allies, it would be found in this speech of this eminent international banker of German descent who has known Germany intimately.—Editor Manufacturers Record.]

Brief extracts from Mr. Kahn's speech published in full in the Manufacturers Record of September 27, 1917.

I speak as one who has seen the spirit of the Prussian governing class at work from close by, having at its disposal and using to the full practically every agency for molding the public mind.

I have watched it proceed with relentless persistency and profound cunning to instill into the nation the demoniacal obsession of power-worship and world-dominion, to modify and pervert the mentality, indeed the very fiber and moral substance of the German people—a people which until misled, corrupted and systematically poisoned by the Prussian ruling caste, was, and deserved to be, an honored, valued and welcome member of the family of nations.

I have hated and loathed that spirit ever since it came within my ken many years ago, hated it all the more as I saw it ruthlessly pulling down a thing which was dear to me, the old Germany, to which I was linked by ties of blood, by fond memories and cherished sentiments.

The difference in the degree of guilt as between the German people and their Prussian or Prussianized rulers and leaders for the monstrous crime of this war and the atrocious barbarism of its conduct is the difference between the man who, acting under the influence of a poisonous drug, runs amuck in mad frenzy and the unspeakable malefactor who administered that drug, well knowing and fully intending the ghastly consequences which were bound to follow.

* * *

From each of my visits to Germany for twenty-five years I came away more appalled by the sinister transmutation Prussianism had wrought amongst the people and by the portentous menace I recognized in it for the entire world.

It had given to Germany unparalleled prosperity, beneficent and advanced social legislation and not a few other things of value, but it had taken in payment the soul of the race. It had made a "devil's bargain."

And when this war broke out in Europe I knew that the issue had been joined between the powers of brutal might and insensate ambition on the one side and the forces of humanity and liberty on the other, between darkness and light.

* * *

The duty of loyal allegiance and faithful service to his country, even unto death, rests, of course, upon every American.

But, if it be possible to speak of a comparative degree concerning what is the highest as it is the most elementary attribute of citizenship, that duty may almost be said to rest with an even more solemn and compelling obligation upon Americans of foreign origin than upon native Americans.

For, we Americans of foreign antecedents are here not by the accidental right of birth, but by our own free choice for better or for worse.

* * *

Woe to the German-American, so-called, who in this sacred war for a cause as high as any for which ever people took up arms, does not feel a solemn urge, does not show an eager determination to be in the very forefront of the struggle, does not prove a patriotic jealousy, in thought, in action and in speech, to rival and to outdo his native-born fellow-citizen in devotion and in willing sacrifice for the country of his choice and adoption and sworn allegiance and of their common affection and pride.

* * *

He who shirks the full measure of his duty and allegiance in that noblest of causes, be he German-American, Irish-American, or any other hyphenated American, be he I. W. W. or Socialist or whatever the appellation, does not deserve to stand amongst Americans or indeed amongst free men anywhere.

He who, secretly or overtly, tries to thwart the declared will and aim of the nation in this holy war is a traitor, and a traitor's fate should be his.

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Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis' Picture of Germany's War Plans and Her Atrocities in Belgium and France.

"Terrorism is a principle made necessary by military considerations."—General Von Hartmann.

"Strike him dead. The Day of Judgment will ask you no questions."—Inscription on the aluminum token carried by the German soldier.

Every American who has passed through France and the edge of Belgium this year has returned home a permanently saddened man. German cruelty and French agony have cut a bloody gash in the heart, and there is no Dakin solution that can heal the wound. Here upon this pulpit rests a reproduction of an iron coin given us a token to each German soldier. At the top is a German portrait of Diety, and underneath are these words: "The good old German God." To encourage the German soldier to cruelty and atrocity against Belgians and French the Diety holds a weapon in his right hand, and to dull his conscience and steel his heart to murder the token holds these words: "Smite your enemy dead. The day of Judgment will not ask you for your reasons." To this native characteristic Goethe was referring when he said: "The Prussian is naturally cruel; civilization will intensify that cruelty and make him a savage." The German atrocities of the last three years simply illustrate Goethe's words, for we must confess that German efficiency reached its highest point in the discovery of new and horrible devices for torturing old men, helpless women and little children.

For three years German-Americans have protested that the stories of German atrocities were to be disbelieved as English inventions, Belgian lies and French hypocrisies, but that day has gone by forever. When the representatives of the nations assemble for the final settlement, there will be laid before the representatives of Germany affidavits, photographs, with other legal proofs that make the German atrocities to be far better established than the scalplings of the Sioux Indians on the Western frontiers, the murders in the Black Hole of Calcutta or the crimes of the Spanish Inquisition. On a battle line 300 miles in length, in whatsoever village the retreating Germans passed, the following morning accredited men hurried to the scene to make the record against the day of judgment. The photographs of dead and mutilated girls, children and old men tell no lies. Jurists rank high two forms of testimony—the testimony of what mature men have seen and heard and the testimony of children too innocent to invent their statements, but old enough to tell what they saw.

For the first time in history the German has reduced savagery to a science; therefore, this great war for peace must go on until the German cancer is cut clean out of the body.

The cold catalogue of German atrocities now documented and in the government archives of the different nations makes up the most sickening page in history. Days spent upon the records preserved in Southern Belgium, Northern France or in and about Paris, days spent in the ruined villages of Alsace and Lorraine, leave one nauseated, physically and mentally. It is one long, black series of legally-documented atrocities. Every solemn pledge that Germany signed a year and a half before at the Hague Convention as to safeguarding the Red Cross, hospitals, cathedrals, libraries, women and children and unarmed citizens are scoffed at as a "scrap of paper." These atrocities also were committed not in a mood of drunkenness nor an hour of anger, but were organized by a so-called German efficiency and perpetrated on a deliberate, cold, precise, scientific policy of German frightfulness. It is not simply that they looted factories, carried away machinery, robbed houses, bombed every farm house and granary, left no plough nor reaper, chopped down every pear tree and plum tree with every grapevine and poisoned all wells! The Germans slaughtered old men and matrons, mutilated captives in ways that can only be spoken of by men in whispers; violated little girls until they were dead; finding a calfskin nailed upon a barn door to be dried, they nailed a babe beside it and wrote beneath the word "Zwei"; they thrust women and children between themselves and soldiers coming up to defend their native land; bombed and looted hospitals, Red Cross buildings; violated the white flag—while the worst atrocities cannot even be named in this mixed audience.

The Kaiser Branded His People as "Huns."

No one understands the German people as well as the Kaiser. Our President, in a spirit of magnanimity, patience and good-will, distinguished between the Kaiser and the Prussian Government, and over against them put the German people. But Germany's Chambers of Commerce, Hamburg's Board of Trade and certain popular assemblies would have none of this, and in the fury of their anger passed resolutions, saying: "What our Government is we are. Their acts are our acts. Their deeds and military plans are our plans." Knowing his people through and through, the Kaiser called his soldiers before him and gave them this charge: "Make yourselves more frightful than the Huns under Atilla. See that for a thousand years no enemy mentions the very name of 'Germany' without shuddering." Why do the German people say they feel so terribly because the authors of the world call them "Huns" and "barbarians"? Who named them "Huns"? Their Kaiser. Who christened them barbarians? Their

Kaiser. Who likened the German soldiers to bloodhounds held upon the leash by the Kaiser's thong as they strained upon the leash with bloody jaws, longing to tear their French and Belgian prey? With bloody fingers the Kaiser said: "I baptize thee 'Hun' and 'barbarian.'" Let the Kaiser's words stand—"For a thousand years no man shall speak the word 'Hun' without shuddering."

All wise men trace deeds, wicked or good, back to the philosophic thinking of the doer, just as they trace bitter water back to a poisoned spring. What the individual or the nation thinks in his heart, that he does in the life. Judas thinks in terms of avarice and greed, and his philosophy results in treason and murder. The Kaiser, Nietzsche, Von Bethmann-Hollweg, Von Bissing and Plauss think and teach the theory of iron force, the right of big Germany to loot little Belgium or North France and drill them in the belief that Germany's right is the right of the lion over the lamb, and that no questions will be asked by a just God on the Day of Judgment.

This war began in a conference in the Potsdam Palace in 1892. The pamphlet distributed by the Kaiser begins with these words: "The Pan-German Empire: From Hamburg on the North Sea to the Persian Gulf. Our immediate goal: 250,000,000 of people. Our ultimate goal: the Germanization of all the world." The explanation of the Kaiser contains these words: "From childhood I have been under the influence of five men—Alexander, Julius Caesar, Theodor II, Frederick the Great, Napoleon. Each of these men dreamed a dream of world empire—they failed. I am dreaming a dream of the German World Empire—and my mailed fist shall succeed." He printed one map headed "The Roman Empire," with all the great states captured and their capitals—Athens, Ephesus, Jerusalem, Alexandria, Carthage—reduced to county-seat towns, paying tribute to Rome. But the Kaiser prints side by side with that map another world map, with Berlin the capital; and by 1915 St. Petersburg, Paris and London were to be county-seat towns, subdued provinces of Germany—and Washington and Ottawa were to follow, with the word "Germania" stamped on the United States and Canada. That is why the Kaiser told Mr. Gerard: "After this war I shall not stand any nonsense from the United States." The President heard, but he did not tremble.

The originator of this world war was the Kaiser; Treitschke was its historian; Nietzsche its philosopher; Von Bissing and Von Hindenburg its executives. The murder of Edith Cavell, hundreds of women and children on the Lusitania, the rape of Belgium, the assassination of Northern France, were the outer exhibition in deeds of the inner philosophy of force. Their great master, whom they celebrate and never tire of praising, Nietzsche, judges Germany aright. On page 38, in his *Ecce Homo*, Nietzsche says: "Wherever Germany ex-

tends her sway she ruins culture." On page 124 of the same volume he says: "I feel it my duty to tell the Germans that every crime against culture lies on their conscience." By "culture" Nietzsche means painting, sculpture, cathedrals, international laws, the Athenian sweetness, reasonableness and light. "Germany's goal should be a super-Hercules or Goliath, with the club. Germany has no gift for culture of the intellect. As to that there is no other culture beside France."

Consider the reflex influence of Germany's philosophy of militarism upon her statesmen and diplomats. In one of his greatest speeches Edmund Burke speaks of "the peculiar sanctity attaching to the word of a foreign minister." From Phocion to John Hay prime ministers have been jealous of their pledges. Lincoln speaks of the failure of a government to make good its word as "a crime against civilization." Business men scoff at the trickster, who does not count his written pledge more precious than life itself.

With the standards of civilized states in mind, recall the intellectual and moral atrocities of the Kaiser and Bethmann-Hollweg. In 1911 the German Foreign Office reaffirmed the Treaty with England and France to observe the neutrality of Belgium in the event of war with France. On July 31, 1914, the Kaiser's Prime Minister telegraphed Lord Grey that Germany would of course keep her treaty obligations as to Belgium. The French and English governments now have full knowledge of the conference between the Austrian Emperor and the Kaiser at the Potsdam Palace on July 5, with the agreement to launch the war August 1. When the war proclamation was delayed until August 3, the Kaiser's representative used this sentence in his speech in the Reichstag: "We must not postpone the agreement entered into with Austria at the conference of July 5." For more than three weeks, therefore, before war was declared Germany and Austria were preparing cannon, guns, equipment, and as soon as the last buckle was on the harness and the last rifle in the hands of the soldiers, on August 3, war was declared. Then Bethmann-Hollweg sent out this statement to the world as to why the Kaiser and himself counted an international treaty a "scrap of paper."

He said: "As to Belgium—we are now in a state of necessity, and necessity knows no law. The wrong—I speak openly—that we are committing we will endeavor to make good as soon as our military goal has been reached. We have now only one thought—how to hack the way through." So the international burglar's excuse is that he must hack his way through the neighbor's house and kill his family because that house stands between himself and the Frenchman's vault whose gold he wants to steal!

That is why our President, answering the Pope, said that no treaty signed by the Kaiser and his government means anything. And here is Bernstorff, German Ambassador in Washington, who forgets that cannibals

and savages, even, consider that eating salt in another Indian's tent or white man's house is a pledge of truth; while this Judas Ambassador dines at the White House at night and goes on plotting seditions in Mexico, blowing up of our munition factories and the killing of our people. Bernstorff smiled and smiled as he kept one hand above the table and in the other hand under the table whittled a dagger on his boots with which to stab his host in the back.

Witness the discovery of treachery to Norway two months ago. After several Norwegian steamers had been mysteriously sunk at sea the German Consul was found traveling back and forth from the Foreign Office in Berlin, filling his trunk with bombs and glass tubes containing the cultures of glanders to spread one of the most deadly diseases, to annihilate men, horses and cattle, and protecting these instruments of death by the seals of the Berlin Foreign Office. The substance of Germany's answer to Norway's protest was the sneering answer: "What are you going to do about it?" While Germany's Ambassador to the Argentine Republic, advising the sinking of Argentine ships so as to leave no trace behind is a part of the same cunning, devilish, German diplomacy that exhibits these German Ambassadors as a composite Judas, Macchiavelli and Mephistopheles, united and carried up to the nth power of diabolism. No wonder the Kaiser baptized them "Huns" and "barbarians!"

German Philosophy Degrades German Officers and Soldiers.

The German philosophy has dehumanized Germany's officers and men. Later on I shall give a detailed account of the devastated regions of Northern France, but here and now let us confine the observations to the ruined villages and towns of Eastern France. Pulling his iron token out of his pocket—that exhibited Deity as a destroying soldier—the German officer and private reads the words beneath: "Smite your enemy dead. The Day of Judgment will not ask you for your reasons." Having, therefore, full liberty to loot, these Germans became the wild beasts. The plan had been "Brussels in one week, Paris in two weeks, London in two months," and then two pockets filled with rings, bracelets and watches from Paris or Nancy for the sweethearts at home.

When the German army in Lorraine was defeated by one-half its number, it fell northward, passing through French towns and villages where there were no Frenchmen, no guns, and where no shots were fired. During July and August we went slowly from one ruined town to another, talking with the women and the children, comparing the photographs and the full official records made at the time with the statements of the poor, wretched survivors, who lived in cellars where once there had been beautiful houses, orchards, vineyards—but now was only desolation.

In Gerbevillier, standing beside their graves, I studied the photograph of the bodies of 15 old men whom the Germans lined up and shot because there were no young soldiers to kill; heard the detailed story of a woman whose son was first hung to a pear tree in the garden, and when the officer and soldier had left him and were busy setting fire to the next house, she cut the rope, revived the strangled youth, only to find the soldiers had returned, and while the officer held her hands behind her back, his assistant poured petrol on the son's head and clothes, set fire to him and, while he staggered about, a flaming torch, they shrieked with laughter. When they had burned all the houses and retreated, the next morning, the prefect of Lorraine reached that Gethsemane and photographed the bodies of 30 aged men lying as they fell, the bodies of women stripped and at last slain.

In the next village stood the ruined square belfry into which the Germans had lifted machine guns, then forced every woman and child—275 in number—into the little church, and notified the French soldiers that if they fired upon the machine guns, they would kill their own women and children. After several days' hunger and thirst, at midnight these brave women slipped a little boy through the church window and bade their husbands fire upon the Germans in the belfry, saying they preferred death to the indignities they were suffering. And so these Frenchmen turned their guns, and in blowing that machine gun out of the belfry killed 20 of their own wives and children. In a hundred years of history, where shall you find a record of any other race, who call themselves civilized, who are such sneaking cowards that they could not fight like men or play the game fairly, but in their chattering terror put women and little children before them as a shield.

Proof overwhelming. Here are, in brief, the records of more than a thousand individual atrocities that go with the original photographs, affidavits and documents resting in the archives of France against the day of reckoning. What is more important still, here are the letters taken from the bodies of dead German soldiers with their diaries. Out of the large number, note these: Photographs of the dead bodies of aged priests, some of whom were dead because they had been staked down and used as a lavatory until they perished. Dead girls, with breasts cut off—and for this reason: every German soldier is examined for syphilis by the surgeon of the regiment, and only healthy ones receive the card giving access to the camp women. If the syphilitic German contaminates the camp woman, his disease is handed on to his brother soldier, and that means he will be shot. This syphilitic soldier, therefore, finds his only chance with the captured French girls, but, having contaminated a girl, he fears that she in turn will contaminate the next German soldier, and, therefore, he mutilates her body to warn away Germans. The girl's

life weighs nothing against a German soldier's lust or the possibility of the brute's handing his contamination to the next soldier.

Here is German efficiency for you—and organized by the devil himself. Take these pages found in the diaries of German soldiers August 22; note book of Private Max Thomas: "Our soldiers are so excited we are like wild beasts. Today destroyed eight houses, with and a girl of 18. The little one almost unnerved me, so innocent was her expression." Diary of Eitel Anders: "In Vendre all the inhabitants, without exception, were brought out and shot. This shooting was heartbreaking as they all knelt down and prayed. It is real sport. yet it was really terrible to watch."

"At Haecht I saw the dead body of a young girl nailed to the outside door of a cottage by her hands. She was about 14 or 16 years old." Page 21. Affidavits H-67.

In returning from Malines eight drunken soldiers were marching through the street. A little child of two years came out and a soldier skewered the child on his bayonet and carried it away, while his comrades sang. D. 10-45.

Withdrawing from Hofstade, in addition to other atrocities, the Germans cut off both hands of a boy of 16. At the inquest affidavits were taken from 25 witnesses, who saw the boy before he died or just afterwards.

Passing through Haecht, in addition to the young women whom they violated and killed, affidavits were taken and the photographs of a child three years old nailed to, a door by its hands and feet. Affidavits D. 100-8.

That all these atrocities were carefully planned in advance for terrorizing the people is proven by the fact that on the morning of August 25 the officers who had received great kindness from Madame Roomans, a notary's wife, warned her to make her escape immediately, as the looting and killing of all the citizens, men, women and children, was about to begin.

These records could be multiplied by thousands. Upon the retreat from one city alone, inquests were held upon the bodies of over 600 victims, including very aged men and women and babes unborn, removed by the bayonet from their mothers. It is the logical result of the charge of the Kaiser to his army: "Give no quarter and take no prisoners. Let all who fall into your hands be at your mercy." The general staff of the German army published a manual several years before they began this war. They explicitly charged their soldiers to break the will of the enemy by cruelty. Witness this page from the War Manual on page 52: "A war is conducted with energy merely against the combatants of the enemy states and the positions they occupy, but it will and must in like manner seek to

destroy the total intellectual and material resources of the latter."

And witness this injunction to atrocity, page 35: "By steeping himself in military history, an officer will be able to guard himself against excessive humanitarianism. It will teach him that certain severities are indispensable to war. Humanitarian claims, such as the protection of men and their goods, can only be taken into consideration in so far as the nature and object of the war permit." Therefore, the War General gave each German soldier his token, large as a silver dollar, bidding the soldier "Strike him dead. The Day of Judgment will ask you no questions." Jesus said: "Take heed that ye offend not one of My little ones." The Kaiser says: "I have done away with Jesus' teachings." The Master who loved the little children said: "I was an hungered and ye gave me no meat. I was athirst and ye gave me no drink. Therefore, depart from me into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his fellows." The war staff answers: "Don't be afraid. Look at your token. The Kaiser will take care of you in the Day of Judgment. Kill old men and little children, loot merchants' houses, violate women; the Kaiser will see that the God of Justice asks you no questions." The result was logical and inevitable. These horrible atrocities! On August 27 General Von Lieber gave out this proclamation: "The town of Waevre will be set on fire and destroyed without distinction of persons. The innocent will suffer with the guilty." After this town was destroyed and all the inhabitants killed, from the body of a soldier slain on the retreat we find this page in his diary: "We lived gorgeously; two or three bottles of champagne at each meal; all the girls we want. It is fine sport." Are we surprised that many of the letters and journals taken from the bodies of Germans quote General Von Hartman's sentence: "Terrorism is a principle made necessary by military considerations." German-American objections that these towns were destroyed because the inhabitants had fired upon the invading army from the windows of their houses is conclusively met and answered by another letter, written by a German officer to his wife: "On approaching a village a soldier is sent on in advance to insert a Belgian rifle in the cellar window or stable, and, of course, when this weapon is found we take it to the Burgomaster, and then the sport begins."

On a little board in one ruined village I read these words: "Marie; aged 16; dead August 24, 1915. Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." The hundreds of atrocities personally investigated only serve to interpret Ambassador Morgenthau's statement as to Armenia—that the Turkish soldiers and German officers massacred in Armenia half a million people, that they might move into their farm houses and little shops and stores.

German Philosophy of Militarism Has Debauched Germany's University Professors.

The glory of every great city and country is its scholars, with their love of truth and their stainless lives. We have had our civilization at the hands of men who loved the truth supremely, pursued the truth eternally and cherished the truth above their fear of hell or hope of heaven. The world has its liberty, its science and its law at the hands of the heroes who preferred the truth above life. Concerning the patriots, the reformers and the statesmen, we can only say they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, they were crucified in Jerusalem, poisoned in Athens, tortured in Ephesus, exiled in Florence, burned at the stake in Oxford, assassinated in Washington, crucified in Jerusalem. But the iron autocracy and militarism of Germany debauched her university men. Here in my hand is an address to the civilized world, signed by 93 German professors. They all receive their salaries from state endowments. Any hour the Kaiser or Bethmann-Hollweg can cut off their income. When the indignation of the civilized world flamed out against Germany in the winter of 1915, the German Government asked these professors to sign a document, and these men had been so degraded by the German philosophy of militarism and autocracy that they obeyed—losing their souls to save their salary. And consider what they signed! In the previous August Bethmann-Hollweg issued a statement to the world, saying that as the violation of Belgium's neutrality, "the wrong—I speak openly—that we are committing," etc.

These 93 professors signed a statement, saying: "It is not true that we wronged Belgium." In the Kaiser's address that he himself has published, he says: "Give no quarter, take no prisoners. Let all who fall into your hands be at your mercy. Make yourself as terrible as the Huns." Now, this address was circulated in postal cards all over Germany. Realizing the mistake, these professors sign a statement, saying: "It is not true that our soldiers ever injured the life of a single Belgian." Socrates or Dante, or even Galileo, Savonarola, or Milton, or Victor Hugo, or Lincoln, would have died a thousand deaths by faggots, or upon the rack, rather than have signed their names to such a statement—to lies. The Kaiser and Bethmann-Hollweg must have been desperate and bewildered when they had to endeavor to counteract their own documents at the beginning of the war by asking their professors to contradict these documents during the middle of the war. It makes every university professor almost ashamed of his calling. Think of Harnack and Eucken, with their moral cowardice and their intellectual impotency! Plainly that is what Nietzsche meant when he said (page 134 *Ecce Homo*): "Every crime against culture that has been committed for 100 years rests upon Germany."

The Frenchman's Love of France.

All men love their native land, but the Frenchman's love has a unique quality. The patriotism of the Englishman is undemonstrative. The Britisher surrounds his home and his garden with a high brick wall, conceals his finer feelings from his closest friends, and when he enters his club on Pall Mall and disappears behind the threshold, the door is closed upon a tomb. The American's patriotism is largely academic; national safety through isolation breeds contempt for danger. The time was when his love of country was vociferous on the Fourth of July, but the enthusiasm has died down, until he is now ready to extinguish even a firecracker. The occasional speaker deals in historical statements about the four wars fought by our country. But the Frenchman's love of country has a tender, gentle, wooing note. He speaks of La Belle France as Dante spoke of Beatrice, as Petrarch spoke of Laura, and the name of France lingers upon his lips as music trembles in the air after the song is sung. The reason, doubtless, is found in the fact that the French people have carved the hillsides and smoothed the valleys and adorned the ridges and mountains with vineyards, until the whole land is a thing of radiant beauty. It is love that has made France beautiful, just as the lark, after completing the nest, makes it soft and warm by pulling the down out of her own bosom. The French people love France as an artist loves his own canvas, as Bellini loved the missal he had illuminated, and as that young architect loved the little Roslyn chapel upon whose delicate capitals he had lavished his very soul.

Would you have an emblem of France in the mouth of June, with her wide, fat valleys, her green pastures and the hillsides up which the pines climbed in serried regiments? If so, take a great robe of green velvet lying loosely on the floor, the creases and velvet ridges answering to the rivers and the valleys and the hills, and then fling a handful of rubies, pearls and sapphires down, so that these gems will lie within the creases as the lovely French cities at the foot of the hills and beside the rivers, and you have France, the beautiful; France, the mother of the modern arts and sciences; France, full of sweetness and light—that France concerning which Heinrich Heine exclaimed: "Oh, France, thou daughter of beauty! Thy name is culture!"

The three great enemies of farms and towns and cities have been fire, flood and earthquake. Witness the city of St. Pierre. An interior explosion blew off the cap of the mountain and a flood of gas poured down upon the lovely city, asphyxiated the citizens, and left not one house standing. Witness that mighty convulsion in San Francisco, that brought thousands of bricks crashing down in ruins. Witness the fire in Chicago, that turned the great city into twisted iron and ashes. In New Zealand there is a lake called Avernus, the birdless lake. Poisonous gases rise from the black

flood of water, and soon the lark, with its song, and the eagle, with its flight, fall into the poisonous flood.

But all these images are quite inadequate to explain the desolation, the devastation of France upon the retreat of the Germans. About 40 miles north of Paris one strikes the ruined region. Then hour after hour passes, while with slow movement and breaking heart one journeys 100 miles to the north and zigzags 125 miles south again through that black region. The time was when it was a wild land, rough, with forests filled with wolves. Then the Frenchman entered the scene. He subdued all the wild grasses to which Julius Cæsar referred in his story of his war in France; he drained the valleys and widened the streams into canals. He enriched the fields, and made them wave with gold. He surrounded the meadows with odorous hedges, and banked where there had been a swamp with perfumed shrubs. Slowly he threw arches of stone across the streams and carved the bridges until they were rich in art, while everything made for use was carried up to outbreathing beauty. The roof of the barn had lovely lines; the approach to the house was upon a curved road; the highways were shaded by two rows of noble trees. The stony hillside was terraced, and there the vines grew purple in the sun. How simple was his life! What a sanctuary his little home! With what rich embroidery of wheat and corn he covered all the hills! He was prudent without being stingy, thrifty without being mean. He saves against old age with one hand and distributes to his children with the other.

And, having lavished all their love upon the little farm house, the granary and the barn; having pruned these grapevines with their clusters of white and purple until each seemed like a friend, dear as that miraculous picture was to Baucis and Philemon, having at last made every tree to be shapely, their little world was invested with affection and beauty.

Do you remember how that Florentine artist, after his day's stint was done, toiled upon his studio, slowly carving the capitals, collecting a little terra-cotta from Cyprus, an old manuscript from Athens, a lovely head of Apollo from Ephesus, and iridescent glass from Persia, with a bit of old Tyrian purple lending a spot of flame in one corner and a little mosaic from Thebes colored another, when he saw the end was approaching, while on a visit to Egypt, asked that he might be carried home to die in the studio, which he made rich with his soul?

What the Hideous Hun Has Done.

In some such way as that the French peasants loved their land, and then lost it. One morning the enemy stood at the gate. The farmer with his pruning knife was no match for a German with a machine gun, and down he went under the plum tree he was pruning. The devastated regions of France are like unto a devil world. All the pear and plum trees have fallen over

under the stroke of a German axe, and are dead and dry. Here and there one sees an occasional tree where a half inch of bark remains, and, sympathizing with the peasant's sorrow, the roots have sent a flood of sympathetic tears and sap out into one little branch, amidst the death of a hundred other boughs that flamed in May its rose and pink of bloom, then in August gave its red glow of clustered food. But as for the rest, it is desolation. Gone all the beautiful bridges—they have been dynamited. Gone all the lovely and majestic thirteenth century churches. Gone all the galleries, for every city of 5000 people in France has its quarterly exhibition of paintings sent out from Paris, and some of the finest art treasures in the world have perished. The land has been put back to where it was when Julius Cæsar described it 2000 years ago—a wild land, and waste, growing up with thorns and thistles. That proclamation on a wall tells the whole story: "Let no building stand, no vine or tree. Before retreating, let each well be plentifully polluted with corpses and with creosote." The spirit was this: "Since we Germans cannot have this land, no one else shall."

Your eyes never saw a more exquisite bit of carving for the corner of a roof than this (a spray of myrtle leaves, carved in stone, after the Germans had destroyed the Cathedral of Arras). Look at this firebrand. Every German company of soldiers carried one automobile lorry filled with these firebrands, with a tank of gasoline hanging beneath the axles. One of the historic chateaus is that of Avricourt, rich in noble associations of history. It was one of the buildings specially covered by a clause in the international agreement between England, Germany, France, the United States and all the civilized nations, safeguarding historic buildings. For many months it was the home of Prince Eitel, the Kaiser's second son.

Forced to retreat, the aged French servants, who understood the electric lighting and the gas plant and served Eitel during his occupancy, when the judge and jury held the trial at the ruins of the chateau stated that they heard the German officers telling Eitel that he would disgrace the German name if he destroyed a building that had no relation to war and could be of practically no aid or comfort to the French army, and he would make his own name a name of shame and contempt, of obloquy and scorn. But the man would not yield. He brought in great wagons and moved to the freight cars at the station absolutely every object that was in the splendid chateau. And, having promised to leave the building uninjured, he stopped his car at the entrance and exit gates of the ground, ran back to the historic building with a can of oil that he had secreted, filled the asbestos in this ball of perforated iron, ran through the halls and waited until the flames were well in progress, and then ordered his men to light the fuse of a dynamite bomb.

All the testimony was taken immediately afterward

from aged servants and from the little children, and the degeneracy revealed has not been surpassed since the first chapter of Romans was written on the unnatural crimes of the ancient world. There are the copies of the affidavits. In the ruins, had beside the black marble steps, I picked up this firebrand with which Prince Eitel assassinated a building that belonged to the civilized world. I hope to live long enough to see Germany forced to repay at least one debt, in addition to 10,000 others. Conceived by the Gothic architects, after 400 years of neglect, the Germans, about 1875, completed the Cathedral of Cologne. When this war is over, every stone in that cathedral should be marked. German prisoners should be made to pull those stones apart; German cars be made to transport every stone to Louvain, and German hands made to set up the Cathedral of Cologne in Louvain or Arras. For a judgment day is coming to Germany, and, though dull and heavy minds doubt it, men of vision perceive its incidents and outlines already taking shape.

But the ruin of his bridges, his schoolhouse, his churches, his farm houses, his vineyards and orchards is the least of his sorrows. In a little village near Ham dwelt a man who had saved a fortune for his old age—100,000 francs. When the invading army like a black wave was approaching, he buried his treasure beneath the large flat stones that made the walk from the road up to the front step of his house. Then, with the other villagers, the old man fled. Many months passed by, while the Germans bombarded the village. At last the German wave retreated, and once more the old man drew near to his little village. There was nothing, nothing left. After a long time he located the street, which was on the very edge of the town, but could not find the cellar of his own house. Great shells had fallen. Exploding in the cellar, they had blown the bricks away. Other shells had fallen hard by and blown dirt to fill what once had been a cellar. The small trees in front of his house had been blown away and replaced by shell pits. In Paris Ambassador Sharp told me that the aged man had up to that time failed to locate his house, much less his treasure. But what trifles light as air are houses!

At the officers' chateau late one night after returning from the front a general and a captain were recounting their experiences. Among other incidents was this one: During the winter of 1915, months after the Germans had occupied that territory, several English officers and a young French captain were recounting their experiences. In saying the farewells before each man went out to his place in the trenches to look after his men, the English boy exclaimed: "Next week at this time I will be home. Five more days and my week's leave of absence comes." Then suddenly remembering that the French captain had been there a long time, he asked when he was going home. To which came this low answer: "I have no home. You men do not un-

derstand. Your English village has never been invaded. When the Germans left my little town, they destroyed every little building. My wife and my little daughter are both expecting babies within a few weeks. I, I—!" and the storm broke. The two Englishmen fled into the dark and night, knowing that there was a night that was blacker, that rain was nothing against those tears, for all his hopes of the future were dead. His only task was to recover France and transfer all his ambitions to God in heaven.

That is why there will be no inconclusive peace. Do not delude yourself. Whether this war goes on one year or five years or ten years, it will go on until those Frenchmen are on German soil. Nor will the German ever learn the wickedness of his own atrocities and the crime of militarism until his own land is laid waste, until he sees the horrors of war with his own eyes, and hears the groan of his own family with his own ears, and sees his own land laid desolate. We may believe that vengeance belongs unto God, and we may argue and plead for forgiveness, but it will not avail. You will remember that passage in Proverbs, in which the penalties of nature become automatic, and where an outraged brain and nerve and digestion are personified and speak to the transgressor: "I warned you, but ye would none of my reproof. I stretched out my hand and pleaded, but ye would not listen. Now I will laugh at your calamity: I will mock at your desolation, when desolation comes as a whirlwind and fear and destruction are upon you." The dam that held back the black waters has broken, and it was the German who dynamited the dam and released the flood of destruction upon his own people and his own land. Whether it takes another summer or many, there is no British nor Canadian officers, no French nor Italian whose face does not turn to granite and steel whenever you suggest that he will not walk down the streets of Berlin and institute a military court and try a Kaiser and his staff for murder. That is one of the things that is settled, and about which discussion is not permitted by soldier regiments.

Priceless Rheims Cathedral Deliberately Destroyed.

One of the things that has horrified the civilized world has been the ruin of Rheims Cathedral, Germany, of course, was denied the gift of imagination. It belongs to France, to Italy and to Athens. Heinrich Heine, her own poet, says that Germany appreciates architecture so little that it is only a question of time when, "with his giant hammer, Thor will at last spring up again and shatter to bits all Gothic cathedrals." This gifted Hebrew had the vision that literarily saw the Germans pounding to pieces the Cathedral at Louvain and Ypres, in Arras, in Baupenne, in St. Quentin and Rheims.

The German mind is a hearty, mediocre mind, that can multiply and exploit the inventions and discov-

eries of the other races. The Germans contributed practically nothing to the invention of the locomotive, the steamboat, the Marconigram, the automobile, the aeroplane, the phonograph, the sewing machine, the reaper, the electric light. Americans invented for Germany her revolver, her machine gun, her turreted ship and her torpedo submarine. In retrospect, it seems absolutely incredible that Germany could have been so helplessly and hopelessly unequal to the invention of the tools that have made her rich. But that is not her gift. If Sheffield can give her a model knife, Germany can reproduce that knife in quantities and undersell Sheffield. The German people keep step in a regiment, in a factory and on a ship, and therefore are wholesalers. The French mind is creative; stands for individual excellence, and is at the other extreme from the German temperament. The emblem of the German intellect is beer; the emblem of the English intellect is port wine; the emblem of the French mind is champagne; the emblem of an American intellect, like Emerson's, is a beaker filled with sunshine—my knowledge of these liquors is based on hearsay. It is this lack of imagination that explains Nietzsche's statement that for 200 years Germany has been the enemy of culture, while Heinrich Heine declared the name of culture was France.

It is this total lack of mental capacity to appreciate architecture that explains Germany's destruction of some of the noblest buildings of the world. She cannot by any chance conceive how the other races look upon her vandalism. Her own foreign government expressed it publicly in one of her state papers: "Let the neutrals cease chattering about cathedrals. Germany does not care one straw if all the galleries and churches in the world were destroyed, providing we gain our ends. Guizot, in his history of civilization, presents three tests of a civilized people: First, they revere their pledges and honor; second, they reverence and pursue the beautiful in painting, architecture and literature; third, they exhibit sympathy in reform toward the poor, the weak and the unfortunate.

Now apply those tests to the Kaiser and his war staff, and you understand why Rheims Cathedral is a ruin. No building since the Parthenon was more precious to the world's culture. What majesty and dignity in the lines! What a wealth of statuary! How wonderful the twelfth century glass! With what lightness did these arches leap into the air! Now the great bombs have torn holes through the roof; only little bits of glass remain. Broken are the arches, ruined some of the flying buttresses; the altar where Jeanne d'Arc stood at the crowning of Charles is quite gone. The great library, the bishop's palace, all the art treasures are in ruins.

Ancient and noble buildings do not belong to a race; they belong to the world. Sacred forever the threshold of the Parthenon, once pressed by the feet of Socrates

and Plato; thrice sacred that aisle of Santa Croce in Florence, dear to Dante and Savonarola; to be treasured forever the solemn beauty of Westminster Abbey, holding the dust of the men of supreme genius. In front of the wreck of the Cathedral of Rheims, all blackened with German fire, broden with the German hammer, is the statue of Jeanne d'Arc. There she stands, immortal forever, guiding the steed of the sun with the left hand, lifting the banners of peace and liberty with the right. By some strange chance no bomb injured that bronze. Oh, beautiful emblem of the day when the spirit of liberty, riding in a chariot of the sun, shall guide a greater host made up of all the peoples who revere the treasures of art and architecture and law and liberty and Christ's poor, and will ride on to a victory that will be the sublimest conquest in the annals of time!

"Either God Is Dead or Germany Is Doomed."

Over against the greatest military machine that was ever forged and controlled by merciless and cruel men, who have given up all faith in God, who practice the Ten Commandments with the "Not" left out, who have stamped out of the souls of their soldiers every instinct of pity and sympathy, are our Allies. Here is Belgium, after all her agony, ready to die to the last man rather than submit to a cruel master, the Kaiser. And here is England, and all her colonies. How glorious this land! "The land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land," as Shakespeare said. She has already sacrificed one third of her total wealth, a million of her sons; and here is France, not bled white, but tired after three years of grievous toil. Her bankers are tired, her business men are tired, the women and the little children are tired, for they have struggled unto blood striving against a cruel militarism for which they were unprepared.

The French boy is like unto one who carried food and drink a long way unto perishing men until the heavy burden forces his fingers to relax—but give the youth a little time, and he will take up his task afresh and bring water to the thirsty soldier. The coming of the American troops has been a tonic to France and rested her weariness. Said the French wife as she sent away her young husband with smiles and words of pride: "I give him gladly; I am only his wife—France is his mother." And here is Great Britain, whose fleet today holds the German battleships behind the Kiel Canal and safeguards our republic, New York and Boston. On one side of the silver dollar write these words: "In God we trust," and on the other side of the dollar write the words, "And in England's navy." Every force that makes toward justice, humanity and liberty is on our side. Soon or late, an unseen Providence will take off the wheels from the chariot of the Enemies of Truth and Justice. That dying German officer in Roye packed

the genius of a moral universe into a few words. Wounded last winter through the spinal cord, unable to move the lower part of his body, for weeks he waited for death. Two aged French women cared for the dying man. Little by little the wings of the Angel of Death fanned away the mist before his eyes. One day the German officer sent for the village priest and told him that the Von Hindenburg line was nearly complete; that the order to retreat had been given; that the home of these aged women who had cared for him so tenderly would be burned; that not one church, house, barn, vineyard or orchard would be left. The news crushed the old priest. In his dying hour a righteous wrath filled the heart of the German prisoner. These are his last words, as I transcribed them from the lips of that man of God, standing one day in Noyon: "Curses upon this army! Curses upon our Kaiser and his War Staff! Ten thousand curses upon my country! Either God is dead, or Germany is doomed." The officer had come to understand that soon or late the wheels of God will grind to nothingness those who wrong God's children. "Woe unto the man who offends one of My little ones. It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the seas."

Vision of a Just and Lasting Peace.

Better days are coming. We may have to enter the wilderness, but soon or late the pilgrim host will enter the Promised Land and hang out the signals of victory. Truth is stronger than error; liberty is stronger than despotism; God is stronger than satan; right makes might, and must prevail. In this faith we must strive on for a peace that will safeguard democracy, defend the frontier lines, vindicate the rights of little lands, destroy militarism and autocracy. During the January snows a dear friend and noble surgeon at the head of a hospital at the front wrote me a letter which stays my heart as the anchor the ship in time of storm. The ground was deep with snow, many wounded men had been carried in from the field, but at midnight, when his work was done, the physician wrote me this letter:

"This war is of God. Sometimes it is peace that is hell. The soldier's life is a life of poverty, obedience, self-sacrifice; we know what the civilian's life is. But for the chastisement of this war, Berlin and Vienna, London and Paris would have descended into hell within three generations. I once spoke in your Plymouth on the blessings of peace; if ever again I have that privilege, I shall speak on the blessings of war. I never dreamed that men could be so noble. For three months I have slept on the stone; for three months before that in a tent; for six months I have not been in a bed; but I have never been so happy. I have acquired the fine freedom of a dog, and, like a dog, I wear a metal tag around my neck, so that they may know to whom I belong when it happens that I can no

longer speak. And never was a man engaged in a cause so noble. I have seen Belgium; I have seen a lamb torn by the wolf; I am on the side of the lamb. I know the explanations the wolf has to offer—they do me at this battle for your own good, for right here at this Western front this war will be decided, just where all the great wars of history have always been decided. It is decided already, but will take the enemy some time yet to find it out."

What does this noble scholar mean? History makes that meaning plain! No wine until the purple clusters are crushed. No linen until the flax is bleeding and broken. No redemption without shedding of blood. No rich soil for men's bread until the rocks are ploughed with ice glaciers and subdued with fire billows. Five forms of liberty achieved by our fathers, for which they paid over 3000 battlefields, blood down. This war was not brought by God, but, having come, let us believe that His providence can overrule it for the destruction of all war. When Germany is beaten to her knees, becomes repentant, offers to make restitution for her crimes, then, and not till then, can this war stop. Autocracy, too, must go. There is no room left in the world for a kaiser or a sultan. The hangman's noose awaits the peasant murderer, and already the hemp is grown to twist into the noose for a Kaiser's neck. At all costs and hazards, we must fight this war through to a successful issue. Our children must not be made to walk through all this blood and muck. The burden of militarism must be lifted from the shoulders of God's poor. Any state that will not forever give up war must be shut out of the world's clearing-houses and markets through finance and trade.

Geologists tell us that the harbor of Naples, protected by islands, was once the crater of a volcano like unto Vesuvius, but that God depressed that smoking basin until the life-giving waters of the Mediterranean stream flowed in and put out that fire. Oh, beautiful emblem of a new era, when God will depress every battlefield and every dreadnought and bring in the life-giving waters of peace. Then will come a golden age, the Parliament of mankind, the Federation of the World, a little international army policing the land; a little international navy policing the seas; a great international court deciding disputes between Germany and France. To this purpose let our sons dedicate themselves, to the end that we may achieve a just and lasting peace between ourselves and all nations. Let us consecrate not only the income of our rich land, but also all our property. Back of our boys' bayonets let us put our own bonds. Let our subscriptions to this Liberty Loan be so vast that we will have the right to say to our enemy: "You shall not crush the hopes of Abraham Lincoln. You shall not grind mankind beneath the iron heel of militarism. You shall not make government of the people for the people, by the people, now or ever, to perish from the earth."



AMERICA'S RELATION
to the
WORLD WAR

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